

PRESIDENT OGILBY AND PROFESSOR HUTT BROADCAST DIALOGUE

Excerpts from Interesting Discussion on "The Dawn of Consciousness"

Professor Hutt said: Frankly, I believe the earth-worm has a mind and some consciousness and even the Stentor may be entitled to similar claim. However, let me tell you about the earth-worm.

The ordinary garden variety of earth-worm has been observed drawing leaves into its burrow. McDougall credits Charles Darwin as the first to record the following performance. It has been confirmed by others in more recent years. When about to draw a leaf into the burrow, the worm explores the whole edge then seizes upon the narrowest angle or corner and draws that in first. Obviously, this is the very best way to accomplish the task and the earth-worm seems to exhibit a level of intelligence much higher than the uninformed would suspect.

My position is that we can see the evidences of mind as we go down the biologic scale ranging from man even to and below the earth-worm. It is decreasingly apparent, of course, but there is some factor entering into behavior all the way down the line which might be due to a non-mechanical factor which we may call mind or we may call it X, if we prefer.

The strict behaviorists prejudice the improbability of finding mind in man because they fail to find evidence of it in lower organisms. I prejudice the probability of finding mind lower than man because I do find it in man. The difference of the hypotheses is that the behavioristic viewpoint ignores positive evidence for mind at the upper end of the scale while I fail to find positive evidence for its absence at the lower end of the scale. The two viewpoints demand consistency throughout the life-continuum and I consider it more consistent to accept an hypotheses which accounts for positive evidence than to accept one which merely accounts for the lack of positive evidence. Besides, there is the improbability that improved methods and improved instruments of observation will ever negate the present evidence that man has mind.

We will not know the true mental dawn until we are able to observe some living thing in which there is and in which there can be no mind. After it, comes mental dawn. As yet we are in ignorance as to either that precise point or as to an approximate point. Professor Bissonnette went back to the protoplasmic cell for the beginning of life. Perhaps mind begins there, also.

Dr. Ogilby replied: It is quite apparent to me that the development of mind biologically, is a continuous thing with the higher stages separated from the next lower by imperceptible differences and, although we may consider the superior adult of the upper end of this development, the lower extreme loses itself in an obscurity which is still impenetrable but which may be found to extend lower and lower as better instruments and methods of observation are discovered. But consciousness seems to be a different sort of thing. Can it not be true that it had a sudden appearing like the oriental dawn?

Professor Hutt: My understanding of that special mental aspect which we call consciousness is governed by the same laws as are other mental

Morgan is Candidate for Trinity Trustee

Owen Morgan, B. S., '06, of Hartford, and Blinn F. Yates, B. A., '11, of New York City, have been nominated by the alumni of Trinity College as candidates for alumni trustee, to fill the unexpired term of the late Henry Campbell Black of Washington, D. C. All holders of Trinity degrees will vote for one of the two men by mail ballots, which will be counted at a meeting of the Board of Trustees December 2.

Mr. Morgan is assistant secretary of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, and is a member of the city's board of Police Commissioners. He is a member of the college board of fellows and a director of the American School for the Deaf, West Hartford, and the Connecticut Institute for the Blind. During his undergraduate days he was captain of football and won the McCook trophy as being the most valuable athlete in his class.

Mr. Yates is vice-president of the United States Mortgage and Trust Company, New York, and during his campus days was president of his class and editor-in-chief of its year book.

The Reverend Sherrod Soule, Secretary of the Home Missionary Society of the Congregational Churches of Hartford, will give the Thanksgiving Address at the Wednesday morning chapel service on November 23.

phenomona. In fact, we can find evidence of varying sorts of consciousness in our own selves so that even what we used to call unconsciousness is now regarded as differing in degree rather than in kind.

President Ogilby said: When I am walking in the woods and am looking straight ahead, I note a shadowy something moving to one side of me but cannot tell what it is until I turn my gaze and then the shape and coloring of some shy bird is clearly seen. According to your theory, many things may be happening about me of which I do not seem to be aware but which are being experienced in a vague way, and which can be brought into the center of vivid consciousness should I direct my undivided attention to them.

Professor Hutt replied: We have such experiences constantly and recollection is an evidence. You may be reading an interesting book and not be aware of the clock striking a few feet away from you. Yet, if someone should ask you the time ten minutes thereafter, it is not improbable that you would then recall that the clock had struck. The interesting story had so occupied the center of vivid consciousness that the sounds of the striking clock had not been attended to—but those sounds were a part of your experience, nevertheless. In fact, we may suppose more extreme differences in conscious states than this. We may assume, with some psychologists, that our present vivid consciousness is colored or modified in some way by numerous weak stimulations which never can give clear-cut sensations. Such as the results of movements of glands and muscles of the body, which movements, although not noticed in themselves, give rise to emotional experience.

Taute Elected Captain of 1928 Football Team



RUDOLPH TAUTE.

"Rudy" Taute, regular halfback for the past two years, at a meeting of the varsity letter men, Monday afternoon, was chosen captain of the 1928 Trinity football team. Taute has been a bright light in the backfield all season standing out in every game in which Trinity has participated with his clever open field running and aggressive defensive work. In the Lowell Tech game he intercepted a forward pass which was converted into a touchdown. In the Wesleyan game he had much to do with carrying the ball down the field toward Wesleyan's goal in the first period. His flashy runs were one of the features of the game. Likewise in the Aggie game his long runs were the outstanding events of the day.

Taute played on the varsity basketball team last season. In his Freshman year, he played both football and basketball.

The Sophomore Hop will be held Friday, December 2, instead of December 3, as stated in last week's issue.

FRENCH CLUB.

The rehearsals for the French Club play, "Le Medecin Volant," which is to be presented here on December 16, are in full swing. All the parts are now filled, and much progress has been made towards the first dress rehearsal, now but a few weeks off.

The club regrets to announce one change in its cast of characters, Dr. Galpin, who was to have a major part in the production, has been forced by the pressure of other work to withdraw from the dramatis personae. His place will be filled by Ralph Rogers, the President of the Sophomore Class.

Glee Club Rehearsal Monday night at 7.45 o'clock, in the Public Speaking Room. Everyone interested is requested to be present.

A Summary of the Football Season

Trinity may well be proud of the 1927 football team. That is the unanimous opinion of all who have watched the Hill eleven in action this year. Outsiders commenting on the Blue and Gold combination of this year have nothing but the warmest praise to offer for this light but aggressive team that furnished Wesleyan and Connecticut Aggies in two succeeding weeks some extremely interesting football. It has been a number of years since Trinity has been represented on the gridiron by a team which was regarded as successful. This year's eleven has not been victorious, it is true, but the manner in which they went down to defeat marks them as one of the most powerful Blue and Gold elevens of recent years. Against Wesleyan and Connecticut Aggies especially it was a grim, determined lot of Trinitarians, displaying power in every department of the game, even brilliant in spots both on the offense and defense, that acknowledged defeat only after the whistle had blown. It was this grim determination that set apart this Blue and Gold team of 1927 from teams of the past few years.

The season was started auspiciously when, fresh from a week at the summer training camp, Trinity downed Upsala at New Jersey, 6-0. Straight football was the order of the day, the Blue and Gold backfield continually ramming center, and off tackle with "Andy" Brown doing the most consistent gaining.

Failing to take advantage of the breaks resulted in defeat the following Saturday against Worcester Tech. However, this was redeemed when the team, playing alert, heads-up football against Lowell Textile converted a fumble and an intercepted pass into touchdowns.

The following week Hamilton came down from Clinton, N. Y., with a powerful eleven which by virtue of its cleverly deceptive play and passing ability gave Trinity its only scoreless defeat of the season. The Blue and Gold secondary defense could not seem to solve the baffling tactics of the New Yorkers and was signally lacking when the forward wall was unable to hold.

It was a different story the next week when Wesleyan, the conquerors of Amherst the week before, was met at Middletown. Apparently confident of an easy victory the Red and Black started a substitute team in the first period. It was not long, however, before the Wesleyanites realized that they were up against a real football team. Almost immediately the Blue and Gold began a steady march down the field with Brown and Taute carrying the brunt of the attack. When the three-yard line was reached, however, the Wesleyan line stiffened and held Trinity for downs. All was not lost for on the next play "Dud" Burr broke through the Red and Black forwards and blocked Silloway's attempt to punt. Bittenbender fell on the ball for a safety for Trinity. Fully alive to the fact now that they were facing a dangerous foe Wesleyan inserted the first team into the game. The replacement resulted in a touchdown in the second period aided by the brilliant play of Tetley.

The third period found the Blue and Gold fighting furiously. But apparently the fates were against Trinity. Twice they carried the ball deep into Wesleyan territory within

JESTERS' REHEARSALS

The Cast is Chosen and Work Begun

The first rehearsal for the Jester's new play, "The Haunted House," was held two Tuesdays ago, when the coach, Mr. Morgan, with the advice of Robert Gibson, the President of The Jesters, made his choice of the players from the numerous aspirants present. Mr. Morgan was quite pleased with his cast, a list of which follows. Jack, the groom and Emily his bride, the two leading roles, are played, respectively, by Harwood Loomis, '29, as the groom and Harold Disco, '30, as the blushing bride. Other characters are:

Morgan, a tramp, Fair, '31 Thomas, the chauffeur, ... Not chosen Duncan, the author, ... Gibson, '28 Helen, his wife, Hall '31 Isabel, the Girl, Klurfeld, '29 Ezra, the constable, Large, '28 Ed, the milkman, Beers, '28 Grogan, the detective, ... Johnson, '31 Evens, father of Emily, .. Skaithe, '31

The scene of the play is laid in a summer cottage in the country; the first act is at sunset, the second at midnight and the last act is the following morning at sunrise. The whole scene just breathes mystery. Queer things happen, weird noises are heard overhead—but enough of that for now.

Last Sunday afternoon the second rehearsal was held, when the first act was gone over; the cast did not yet know their parts for the first act, so all that could be done was to get the men accustomed to their characters; the coach urged the players to learn their lines as soon as possible, since he could not get them to give proper interpretations while reading from the book.

The third rehearsal was held at 7.30 last Tuesday evening, when the first act of the play was still the main subject; certain refinements were practiced, principally the proper co-ordination between the movements and speech of the characters, and the appropriate mannerisms for the respective parts. The rehearsal schedule has not been definitely chosen as yet, but is soon to be; it is probable that Tuesday evenings will be one of the practice nights. The progress of the play so far is satisfactory to all.

the three-yard line, but Mastronarde bucking a stonewall fumbled the ball on both occasions.

The manner in which the team fought Connecticut Aggies the following week, fighting pluckily at all times and flashing an offensive that at the start of the game threatened to submerge the heavier and much touted Storrs eleven is history now. Coach Dole of the Aggie team praised the Trinity eleven warmly at the close of this game.

The prospects for next season do not appear very bright, for Trinity will lose no less than seven regulars in June; men who have been the nucleus of the Blue and Gold eleven for the past three years. Captain Even, "Andy" Brown, Mastronarde, Burr, Jackson, Young, and Whitaker have all played together since their Sophomore year and their loss will be keenly felt next fall. But Coach Merriman has faced this situation before and should be able to work together a successful combination with the remaining squad and the material in the Freshman class.

The Tripod

TRINITY COLLEGE.

Hartford, Conn.

Member, Eastern Intercollegiate Newspaper Association.

Published twenty-six times during the year.

Subscribers are urged to report promptly any serious irregularity in the receipt of THE TRIPOD. All complaints and business communications should be addressed to THE TRIPOD, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. The columns of THE TRIPOD are at all times open to alumni, undergraduates, and others for the free discussion of matters of interest to Trinity men. No anonymous communications will be considered, though if the correspondent so desires, his name will not be published. THE TRIPOD assumes no responsibility for sentiments expressed by correspondents.

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Entered at the Post Office, Hartford, Conn., as second-class matter.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in paragraph 4, section 412, Act of October 28, 1925, authorized October 14, 1926.

Subscription Price, \$2.50 per Year.
Advertising Rates furnished on application.



THRU THE EDITOR'S TRIPOD

SUPPORT.

There are very few "Tripods" printed that do not somewhere have a sentence like this: We are sorry there are so few men out and hope there may be more, since the success of this venture depends upon the support of the College.

Yes, that is the word, support. How often have we heard, seen and spoken that word since we have come here. In itself the word is not altogether unpleasant and therefore is employed at every available opportunity. But to men who have no desire to help the institution at which they attend classes, this word means nothing at all.

To some of us, support means helping or working once or at the most twice. When we have done this we think we have supported the project. Many men seem to have this idea even after they have begun to live. To others it means even less; it is the spiritual or moral support which many of us give. The last class is that conservative group who still think that the only support in any sports, or musical clubs may be manifest in the material assistance.

No one is obliged to do anything at all for his college but he is duty bound to continue once he has begun, a certain work in which he was originally interested. After all, anything in this world to be a success must not only be in accordance with the wishes of many others, but it must be carried out, sustained and above all, maintained.

Take for instance this paper which is so very willingly helped by the entire student body. That example does not work, however, because here we have a new situation: Most of us are not giving the paper spiritual and moral support, much less sustenance.

OBIRE OCULIS

It is quite possible that this paper will be the means of a little argument over the matter of Freshman discipline. That's very good and we hope that something will come out of it. The idea of rivalry between the classes is very good. The idea of a bunch of timeworn rules is quite different. We could do just as well without them and the college would probably have a better appearance.

In a recent issue of the paper was a letter from one of the older students which is interesting. That person begins his letter by attacking an individual who wrote against Freshman rules in an earlier issue of "The Tripod." When the idea at issue was stated the writer of the letter went further to discuss what he thought were errors in the first article and apparently neglected his topic altogether. The readers of this letter are still wondering what the reasons for retaining Freshman rules are.

Our correspondent has stated some very good thoughts. He is all for rivalry between the lower classes and maybe he is justified in his ideas. "Very little harm can come out of inter-class fights, in fact, they are a source of considerable fun." Another thought which he records infers that Freshman discipline is necessary to show the new student that he is one of many and that co-operation is essential to the welfare of the group. Fine, but isn't there sufficient discipline in the college to point this out, and isn't the new student able to see that in all civilized communities co-operation has produced harmony? We think that if he will consider this he can appreciate our view.

Don't worry about Trinity being a kindergarten. However, if Freshman rules are to be retained we will not be getting away from it. As for its being a place where "men are men"—well, the bigger the man the less restraint necessary. If Freshman rules were taken off, and this does not mean abolishing Freshman-Sophomore rivalry, we would see a bettering of conditions here. The main difficulty in abolishing Freshman rules is that certain people are not manly enough to withhold their desire for revenge. We could enumerate any number of examples of this and we could continue to discuss the matter but we will see what develops.

We Frosh demonstrated some good sense and showed some snappy fight in last week's reply. If the rest of the material in this column will be as good as the most recent, it will be a very great help to the paper.

R. B. K. doesn't appear to be worried by the manner in which We Frosh has been riding the new class. Maybe he doesn't resent it, but a lot of Freshmen differed in this respect.

Excerpts from "The Tablet"

An article, "Antiquities," in "The Tablet" for 1871 based on extracts from the first catalogue of the college presents a picture of our college in 1824.

"This institution will be ready for the reception of Students on the 23rd of September next (1824). The following officers of instruction have been appointed by the Trustees:

"The Rt. Rev. Thomas C. Brownell, D. D., L. L. D., President.

"The Rev. George W. Doane, A. M., Professor of Belle Lettres and Oratory.

"Frederick Hall, A. M., Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy.

"Horatio Hickok, A. M., Professor of Agriculture and Political Economy.

"George Sumner, M. D., Professor of Botany.

"The Rev. Hector Humphreys, A. M., Tutor.

"Students may enter for the regular course or only to pursue such particular studies as may be suited to their circumstances. Candidates for admission to the regular course must sustain an examination in the following studies, as a qualification for the

Freshman Class: Caesar's Commentaries, Cicero's Orations, Virgil, the Greek Testament, and Graeca Minora; English Grammar, Arithmetic, and Geography.

"It is intended to give the course of instruction as much of a practical character as possible. The pupils will be made acquainted with the use of instruments and will be exercised in the fields, in actual surveying and in all the operations of the Topographical Engineer. These exercises will be conducive to health while at the same time they will impart a greater interest in the sciences.

"An Agricultural establishment will be connected with the institution and the students will have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with this primary art of life, by a course of lectures illustrated by the practical operation of farming and gardening.

"Military exercises will also be embraced in the system as a healthful occupation for some of the hours usually devoted to recreation.

"To prevent dissipation and extravagance it is required that no money shall be placed in the hands of the students. The funds designed for their use are to be lodged with the College Bursar who will apply them with parental discretion to the payment of their necessary expenses and no other expenses will be allowed."

The books of the Bursar show the following accounts:

No. 122. A. H. Hammond for pantaloons, \$6.25.

J. P. Wahis, for footing boots, \$3.

W. Frazer, paper and quills, 68 1-4 cents.

"The expenses of each student will be as follows:

For Tuition, \$11.00 per term

Room Rent, \$3-\$4 per term

Use of Library, \$1.00 per term

Incidentals, \$2.00 per term"

This catalogue was a prospectus for the college as it ends, "The college edifices will not be completed before the first of May (1825). Meanwhile students will be accommodated in such private families as shall be approved by the Faculty."

The catalogue is signed:
"By the Board of Trustees; Charles Sigourney, Sect. Hartford, Aug. 10, 1824."

WE FROSH.

Dear Father:

Before Thanksgiving tests begin I want to say a few words to you about that team on which I played all season. Of course I made several bad plays and was taken off the regular squad. I came back again and have been on since. In the first place, we don't have much of an opportunity to learn the game—some have never played before and others played differently when they were at prep school. Secondly, the season's too short. We went up to Deerfield some time ago and the results were somewhat disheartening. They scored about 52 points. When we played the Massachusetts Aggies we were becoming better and the score was not so high. Probably 30-0. The Connecticut Aggies scored about 26 points. So you see that we were twice as good our last game as we were the first. There's some good material on that team, not excluding myself, and it should help considerably toward strengthening the 'varsity. I hope to play next year and if I get a chance I'll go like the cars.

I suppose, Father, that you have heard of our changed football schedule for next year. We play a college instead of the Aggies. I think that the Amherst-Trinity game ought to be a drawing card. There should be an interesting game with them.

You asked me about my studies. Well, in Physics which you know I had to substitute in place of history. I got a 45 on the big quiz and he certainly can't flunk everybody—most of the fellows got even lower than that. From now until the early part of December we have lots of time to study. I had a Trig final last Saturday and—well if you think it was a pipe-just ask some of the other fel-

lows. But, then, I'm not the only one flunking Math. There are plenty of real scholars who flunk that course. It's surprising how little a person knows when he comes to college but somehow he passes every other course.

Before I close I want to tell you, Father, that what you told me about the cheering at Trinity is all wrong. You said we have wonderful cheers. They are good. You said the songs are beautiful. Yes? You also remarked that we cheer very well. Now that's just where you're all wrong. We cheer badly—in fact, most of us don't know the cheers, not only is this true of We Frosh but of all undergraduates—we had no rallies this year—our songs, when we try them, are deplorable. I think that some of us could invent new cheers and also learn the old ones. We would do well if we learned the songs. The editor of this paper might be prevailed upon to print the words of the songs if the college suggested it. That might not be so bad an idea after all. But just now we are not a singing college.

Your son,

HARRY.

N. B. Your money came in mighty handy. Thanks a whole lot. I've used almost all of it. H.

1928 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

The schedule for next year as announced by Graduate Manager Stanley H. Leeke remains the same as last year with the one exception where Amherst replaces Connecticut Aggies on November 10.

The schedule:

October 6—Lowell Textile at Hartford.

October 13—Worcester Tech at Worcester.

October 20—Upsala at Hartford.

October 27—Hamilton at Clinton.

November 3—Wesleyan at Hartford.

November 10—Amherst at Amherst.

BOOK REVIEW

"Land of the Pilgrims' Pride," by George Jean Nathan. Alfred A Knopf, \$2.50. Mr. George Jean Nathan, under the title "Land of the Pilgrims' Pride," has collected a highly amusing and oftentimes annoyingly pertinent series of short commentaries and informal essays on modern American life. The reader does not have to be overly acute to catch the hint of irony conveyed in the very title itself, and when once the contents are delved into, however casually, the author's satiric, fun-poking proclivities are plainly apparent.

Mr. Nathan introduces his series of articles with an essay on "The New Morality," which will render a number of worthy folk quite breathless, then and there. Sex, chastity, and college humor are discussed with a blithe and not unattached spirit which leaves very little unsaid, and what is said, carries a kick—every line of it. After this rather explosive bit, Mr. Nathan slows down to his normal speed and launches out upon the subject of "The American Emotion," dwelling chiefly on its simple-mindedness. And so on through the book, which covers a multitude of American Foolisms. Everything is interesting and every sketch contains more than a little truth. Some good advice with regard to the book is, "If you don't think too much of yourself, and you like George Jean Nathan, read the book."

KENNETH LINN.

Truth in Advertising.

Wife—"You seem disappointed with your parcel."

Husband—"Yes. I answered an advertisement for a device to keep down gas bills, and the firm sent me a paperweight."—Birmingham Gazette.

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"Patience, good patience is the need of this generation. It asks results before it earns them. Man is too wasteful of the resources he finds in the earth. The most of our coal is lost in smoke; the most of our heat is dissipated in the air. We need patience not less than courage in dealing with our problems."—Lord Kelvin.

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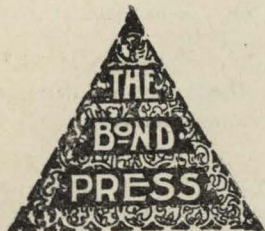
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Did You Say, Humor?

"Why is a bachelor?"
"Because he didn't have a car when
he was young." —Lehigh Burr.

"Why did your maid quit?"
"We installed an electric ice box."
—Wisconsin Octopus.

Little Lucy (to guest)—"Do you
like that Christmas cake, Mrs.
Brown?"

Mrs. Brown—"Yes, my dear, very
much."

Little Lucy—"That's funny, 'cause
mother said you haven't any taste."
—Yale Record.

Thrift Campaign.

"I hear you give your little boy
a quarter every week for good be-
havior, Ignatz."

"Sure, but I fool him. I told him
the gas meter was a little bank I
bought him."—The Open Road.

Scapegoat.

Agatha—"Did Ella dare to find
fault with her young daughter for
arriving home with the milkman?"

Harriett—"No. She scolded the
milkman for coming so late."—Life.

Before and After.

"My wife has been using a flesh-
reducing roller for nearly two
months."

"And can you see any result yet?"
"Yes—the roller is much thinner!"
—Die Muskete (Vienna).

First Aid.

Stranger—"Do you have to see a
doctor before you get liquor in this
town?"

Native—"No, afterward."—Masonic
Home Journal (Louisville).

Ancient Retainer.

"Your maid seems to be rather
familiar with you."

"Yes, I put up with that from old
servants; just think, she has been
with us for more than a month."—
—Le Rire (Paris).

A Freshman who had loafed
through most of the semester was
confronted with final examinations.
In compliance with the instructor's
request that he write at the bottom of
his paper a statement to the effect
that he had received no help in an-
swering the questions, the Freshman
wrote the following:
"I have neither asked nor received
help, but God knows I need it."

Have you ever been married?"
asked the judge.

"Ye-es" stammered the prisoner.

"To whom?"

"A woman."

"Of course it was a woman," snap-
ped the judge; "did you ever hear of
any one marrying a man?"

"Yes, sir," said the prisoner bright-
ly, "my sister did."

Whereupon he got life.

Still, Small Voice.

Mrs. Petunia Riggs has at last
located the squeak in the rear of her
car which has been bothering her
for the past few days. It was her
husband requesting from the back seat
that she drive a little slower.—Life.

In a crowded London omnibus a
stout lady vainly endeavored to get
her purse out of the pocket of her
cloak, which was tightly buttoned up
as a protection against pickpockets.
After she had been trying for some
minutes a gentleman next to her said:
"Please allow me to pay your fare."

The lady declined with some anger
and renewed her attacks on the
pocket. After some time the gentle-
man again said:

"You really must let me pay your
fare. You have already unbuttoned my
suspender three times and I can't
stand it any longer."

"I see in the paper that a widower
with nine children out in Nebraska
has married a widow with seven chil-
ren."

"That was no marriage. That was
a merger."

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SNUGGEDY SWAMP.

"The trouble with New York," a wise statesman remarked some weeks ago, "is that it is so full of unnecessary and superfluous people." He might have said "the trouble with America." But they do not move us, these needless people who neither feel keenly nor think with excitement, who neither create, administer, enjoy, nor sympathize. They are the real slaves of the modern industrial order who carry on the economic routine, snuffing with predatory noses or gobbling their limited diet of income, exercise, and lust. If their masters live less happily than Greeks upon the proceeds of their toil, it is because they do not know they are masters.

Nothing counts but energy latent or displayed, or its reflection in such symbols as the tubular masses of the mother factory of the flivver brood in Detroit, the white shaft of the insurance building rising over Columbus, or Snuggedy Swamp. The thousands of dull men and women whose minds are below the life line, the tawdry White Ways of a hundred cities, the endless succession of undistinguished fields streaming by the railroad window, the barren but not beautiful, the jumbled suburb, the strewn boxes of a bungalow settlement, the burnt clearing, the time-clock brain—exist only in the illusion of an indivisible Present and the delusion of a Progress which arrives by mere breeding. The churl had no history and neither have these. They live only in geography or statistics, and an exclusiveness that forgets them when possible is not snobbery but self-defense. It is the arbutus and hepatica in protest against the luncheon box and empty soft-drink bottle, the scarce-won liberty of the intellectual mind denying the weight of the average and the tyranny of mass. It took some billions of years for this slimy planet to be capable of a garden, and some millions before man had both time and inclination to observe the beauty of a breast, the curve of a marsh, the value of a thought not tied to fear or hunger. Shall we lose our gift of humor and pure cerebration on the concrete highway between signboard and gas station, or in the milling subway crowd? Not by a long sight.

All this is a high philosophical Preface to Snuggedy Swamp, yet with so many empty words (as the Chinese say) flying about, such as "Civilization," "Culture," "Beauty," which friends and enemies hurl at each other meaning everything or nothing, a Preface is indispensable. How otherwise indicate that a cypress, a redbird, or a negro child may have more than an atomic significance?

The road to Snuggedy Swamp leads through the pine barrens, it is the road down which Washington made his majestic progress to see and be seen of the new States. He commented on the poverty of the soil, being, as Mr. Woodward says, a good business executive not inspired by unproductive beauty. Barrens is a harsh name for these stretches of sand set columns, trailed over with amber jessamine and drifted through with green clouds of red-berried cassio, out of which cardinals drop like sparks and mocking birds sing: "Here, here, here, no, no, no, there, there, there, yes, yes, cheerio, cheerio." The road is cinnamon the darkey houses are set with turquoise shutters under green magnolias, the little "nigs" dance in the sun, the old "dahs" balance baskets of rice lilies on their turbans, whiff smoke from their pipes, and glance out of furtive bird eyes. The men have plug hats over blue jeans. They are not of our world, or of any world but this sunlight on the edge of spectral forests.

Gently the boat moves over water carpets of emerald weed and golden cups of bladderwort, pushing between tapered columns in a gray dusk, green glowing at the roof. Turtles plop, bright alligators slide over black logs; a cypress, set with white birds as with candles, is suddenly awake with flashing wings as the ibis flock circles



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You can be sure of smoking pleasure, serene and full, in these quality cigarettes. Smoke all of them you want; they simply never tire the taste.

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through the gloom to light. With slow beat the great white egrets fly Tennyson from his cloud leans his curled beard over this happy animal world and quotes from himself, "I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains." "Which gains?" one murmurs, and moves on down a plantation byway where strings of black children in pinks and blues cloud dark and then flash white teeth as our shadow leaves them, down piney aisles by the great ditch dug once in sweat and pain and laughter that the water might flood the rice fields at the appointed time, and the rice go to the mill, and the money come home to Fair Lawn or Hampton, Harrietta or El Dorado, building the great house which now is fading behind the Corinthian portico into the jungle that comes to meet it across the ruined quarters from the forest, plant the slumbrous avenue of live oaks that drape their splendid melancholy in torn festoons of moss, a camouflage of spacious life withdrawn.

On by the broken flood gates until the forest lifts its knees above black over the bursting tree tops, each silent bank and dip and pulse an accent upon solitude.

Then the bayou of Snuggedy Swamp, a landscape from the moon, where spectral cypresses bow mossy beards, grey old men forgotten in a wilderness of black water; the quiet of Africa over still flowing water, still

flowing moss in rhythm without motion, beautiful stagnation, the grey heart of the lowlands into which has drained all the slow melancholy of this deserted earth, and lies content there—a warbler singing like a tinkling bell in the dusk—an egret in the sky . . .

"What of it, poet? It is impossible to answer with the assured obscurity of Browning. In the large it means too much, in the little only Snuggedy Swamp, and the herons just up from the tropics. It means no more than the seven mile sweep of a sea island beach, where the sturdy palmettoes wave their fronds over the last strong lift of ocean: "This is America. No further." It means neither more nor less.

Yet Snuggedy Swamp is older than the Woolworth Building and perhaps more powerful. We who are alive will all paddle through its cypress arches in time, or, if the wish prefers it, climb our Berkshire hill or high Sierra. Drop houses where you will and stretch developments from Florida to Long Beach and back by way of California, you cannot subdue the singular nor keep the nonconformist eye to the geometry of a city block. We will use the apparatus of your civilization and thank Progress for hot water and a safety razor and a car that follows the back country ruts, but we will not give up good talk, good thought, and Snuggedy Swamp if the majority itself in form

of Beelzebub (whose name was legion) insists that the way of life is comfortable dullness and its object getting nowhere in particular in a terrible hurry. If the commonalty will not ask for ibises let them have Long Island duckling. No tripe for us. There is still balm in Gilead which only fastidiousness can appreciate. There would be no literature if they should drain all the Snuggedy Swamps.—Saturday Review of Literature.

Heavenly Repartee.

"Well, Woodrow," said Moses. "They don't seem to be treating your Fourteen Points very kindly below." Woodrow—"Not so well, but take a look at what they are doing to your Ten Commandments."

The young man in the Pullman car, noticing that a pretty girl was looking at him very intently, thought he had made an impression, and in a few minutes changed his seat to the vacant one beside her.

"Haven't we met before somewhere?" he ventured.

"Well, I'm not quite sure," she replied, "but I think you are the man I saw hanging around the night our car was stolen."

The young man promptly vanished into the smoker.